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CORIN and OLINDA:

*Eng. Poetry vol 46.*

A LEGENDARY TALE.

IN THREE PARTS.

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By RICHARD TEEDE. *X*

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M.DCC.LXXIV.

CORIN and O L A N D A

RECORDARY

IN THE





T O T H E

R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E

The Countess of DARLINGTON,

This P O E M is most respectfully dedicated,

By her Ladyship's

Most obedient

And devoted

Very humble Servant,

The A U T H O R.

T O T H

A B C H T H O N O T R A F

The Countess of DARLINGTON

7

THE TOWN OF DARLINGTON

By her Ladyship

Most obedient

and humble

THE TOWN OF DARLINGTON



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# CORIN AND OLINDA:

A

## LEGENDARY TALE.

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### PART I.

‘ **B**EWARE, my Son, the luring Bait,  
‘ Of avaricious Gold;

‘ On which unnumber’d Torments wait,  
‘ Those Torments yet untold.

‘ The selfish Miser’s Heart deserves,  
‘ It’s Anguish and it’s Pain;

‘ He e’en denies what Life preserves,  
‘ And murders all for Gain.

B

‘ Mistaken

- ‘ Mistaken Man, to prize the Dross,  
‘ As worthless as the Clay :  
‘ Who gains by Gold, eternal loss,  
‘ Of Virtue’s purer Ray.
- ‘ But if my Son would glide with ease,  
‘ The World’s most rugged Road,  
‘ Not Gold that will each Pang appease,  
‘ But adds unto his Load.
- ‘ The safest Guide that Man can chuse,  
‘ Is Virtue, heav’nly stay ;  
‘ For, join’d with Friendship, it pursues  
‘ To Joy the only Way.
- ‘ Friendship untainted and sincere,  
‘ A Blessing more divine ;  
‘ Where Heart the aching Heart doth cheer,  
‘ And Soul with Soul doth join.

‘ Let



## A LEGENDARY TALE. 3

- ‘ Let Fools in Affluence and Power,
  - ‘ Make boast of many Friends ;
- ‘ Dross may buy Flatt’ry for an Hour,
  - ‘ That gone, the Friendship ends.
- ‘ If Love, the only Source from whence:
  - ‘ Th’ exalted Virtues spring ;
- ‘ Doth once possess the Heart, it thence:
  - ‘ All Thought of Int’rest flings.
- ‘ The Man, who sympathizing sheds,
  - ‘ The grief condoling Tear,
- ‘ Is most our Friend, for what besteds,
  - ‘ The aid of Fortune here ?
- ‘ But thou, my *Corin*, fondest Hope,
  - ‘ Art rais’d ’bove abject State,
- ‘ And hast within thy little Scope,
  - ‘ Each Blessing of the Great.

- ‘ Let not those Gifts revert the Use,  
‘ And be to Life a Stain ;  
‘ Man’s Guard inclining to abuse,  
‘ Oft proves a dang’rous Bane.  
  
‘ There yet remains another Care,  
‘ The Chief of all, my Son,  
‘ Be cautious how you chuse the Fair,  
‘ And lewd Allurements shun.  
  
‘ Think not in wanton Love to find  
‘ Of purer Flame the Joys ;  
‘ The Guilt, that inward strikes the Mind,  
‘ It’s ev’ry Sweet annoys :  
  
‘ And what the momentary Blifs,  
‘ That Celibates do prove ?  
‘ Compar’d to all-sufficient, this,  
‘ The Joys of virtuous Love.

‘ But



## A LEGENDARY TALE.

5

- ‘ But thou dost not that Caution need :  
‘ Superfluous and vain,  
‘ To one, who chose, as Love decreed,  
‘ Love link’d with Wisdom’s Chain :  
‘ For who can boast a Wife, so fair,  
‘ So kind, so virtuous too ?  
‘ Who with *Olinda* can compare ?  
‘ Except her *Corin* true.’

Thus much he said, by Truth inspir’d,  
And long experience taught ;  
And then from this frail World retir’d,  
And one more happy sought.

As yet the trembling parting Breath,  
Hung hov’ring, loth to go,  
He blest them all, when calmest Death,  
Reliev’d from worldly Woe.

A

An

An End like this, so calm, serene,  
And free from guilty fear,  
Bespoke, that *Corin's* Sire had been,  
A Friend, a Father dear.

The Virtue, which his Heart adorn'd,  
In *Corin's* Bosom shone ;  
What the good Father scorn'd, he scorn'd,  
And what admir'd, he won.

Now three short Years had past away,  
In happiest Plenty past ;  
Insensible of Time's Decay,  
The Mourner came at last.

For who can count the many Wiles,  
Which wicked Men invent ;  
Or who can see through flatt'ring Smiles,  
The false One's sad Intent.



# A LEGENDARY TALE.

7

A distant Claim to his Estate,  
Long Time suppress'd by Law,  
Now rais'd afresh, for they of late,  
In his had found a Flaw.

In Court the Cause awhile remain'd,  
Their separate Pleas were try'd;  
His Foes the Judges' Favour gain'd,  
His Right was set aside.

Dejected now the Pair depart,  
From the once peaceful Home;  
Whilst, each to each, their Fears impart,  
Of Sorrows yet to come.

' But let us not, my only Care,  
' My Life, my Love,' he said,  
' Give Way to absolute Despair,  
' Tho' thus we've been betray'd.

For

8 CORIN and OLINDA, &c.

- ‘ For yet a Hope, I have in Store,
- ‘ *Amanda* is our Friend ;
- ‘ She, pitying, will our Loss deplore,
- ‘ And kind Assistance lend.
- ‘ If not possesst of large Domain,
- ‘ We still our Truth may keep ;
- ‘ Health and Content will still remain,
- ‘ But wherefore dost thou weep ?
- ‘ Oh, do not weep, for Fortune lost,
- ‘ At best a trifling thing ;
- ‘ That leaves, like busy Bees, when crost,
- ‘ Not Honey, but a Sting.
- ‘ Now to *Amanda* I’ll repair,
- ‘ Relate my Tale of Woe ;
- ‘ And then, returning to my Fair,
- ‘ All earthly Cares forego.

END OF PART I.



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# CORIN AND OLINDA:

## A LEGENDARY TALE.

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### PART II.

**F**A R on a spacious pleasant Plain,  
The lofty Mansion stood;  
It's Gate debarring Pert and Vain,  
Flew open to the Good.

'Twas here young *Corin* sought a Friend,  
Alas! mistaken Youth:  
In her soft Bosom, dwelt a Fiend,  
An Enemy to Truth.

C

Oh!

10 CORIN and OLINDA:

Oh! how unsafe, how wretched sure!

Are those who deviate,  
From Virtue's Paths, divine and pure,  
And live in envious State.

How doth ungovern'd Appetite,  
Them from themselves decoy?

How doth the Fury, Envy's Spite,  
Deny them every Joy?

She was by Family ally'd,  
And held in high Esteem;  
Their mutual Wishes once did glide,  
In Friendship's golden Stream:

But since the Marriage of the Pair,  
Herself much injur'd thought;  
Thus the once cheerful, lovely Fair,  
In Envy's Snare was caught.

This



# A LEGENDARY TALE. 11

This Jealousy within her Breast,

She suffer'd to corrode ;

Nor fought, with Virtue, to molest,

The Fiend, in his Abode.

The Peace of others, gave her Pain,

And caus'd an envious Sigh :

Of Comfort, ev'ry Voice was vain,

Except Revenge was nigh.

Oh ! how unlike what once she'd been,

The Prudent and the Wife ;

No more the dimple'd Smile was seen,

Nor love inspiring Eyes :

But in the Gloom of Discontent,

Unthinkingly betray'd ;

To part the Pair, was her Intent,

And countless Schemes were laid.

12 CORIN and OLINDA:

At Sight of *Corin*, thus forlorn,

Her mantling Malice glows ;

And Envy's sharp malignant Thorn,

Encircled Pity's Rose.

' Assist me with thy friendly Aid,

' Assist my virtuous Bride ;

' Assist my hapless Son,' he said,

He said, and gently sigh'd.

' Tho' late in Fortune's gilded Ray,

' Which none but Fools adore,

' I past in Plenty ev'ry Day,

' That Plenty is no more.'

As thus he said, the mournful Tear,

Ran trickling down his Cheek ;

The Voice was faint, that late was clear,

The Tongue forgot to speak.

' What



## A LEGENDARY TALE.

13

- ‘ What Revelry has thus reduc’d
- ‘ The Lord of all our Plain,
- ‘ What from his Happiness, seduc’d,
- ‘ *Olinda’s* faithful Swain.’

The Youth replied, ‘ It is not so,

- ‘ Indeed you do me wrong,
- ‘ To think the Cause of this, our Woe;
- ‘ Is Wine, or festive Song,
- ‘ Not costly Feast, but frugal Fare,
- ‘ Our cheerful Board supply’d ;
- ‘ Tho’ Mirth, and Innocency there,
- ‘ Did wrinkled Care deride.
- ‘ My Land is to *Amintor* giv’n,
- ‘ By Law’s unjust Decree ;
- ‘ Whilst I to seek Support am driv’n,
- ‘ And seek it here of Thee.’

Her

Her Heart was deaf to ev'ry Pray'r  
That Misery could say ;  
Pity no more held empire there,  
Nor Love his heav'nly Sway.

She paus'd, he wept, but what avail'd  
Those Floods of heart felt Grief ;  
Malice o'er Mercy soon prevail'd,  
And thus she tends Relief.

‘ If thou would’st now my Favour gain,  
‘ My Fortune, and my All,  
‘ Divorce thy Wife, and then in vain,  
‘ The Storm of Fate shall fall.  
‘ Then will I place thee high above,  
‘ What Malice can devise ;  
‘ And Love and Mirth, and Mirth and Love,  
‘ In endless Turns shall rise.

‘ Whilst



- ‘ Whilst she, the worst of all her Sex,  
‘ From thee thus put away,  
‘ No more *Amanda*’s Heart shall vex,  
‘ But mingle with the Clay.’
- ‘ Must she,’ her faithful *Corin* rav’d,  
‘ In bitter Anguish lie !
- ‘ Oh ! gracious Heav’n ! let her be fav’d,  
‘ And I content will die :
- ‘ And know, proud Fair, I do despise,  
‘ The Joys that Fortune brings ;
- ‘ Know, I my lov’d *Olinda* prize,  
‘ Above such paltry Things.
- ‘ If this must be the Price of Joy,  
‘ Thy Fortune thou may’st keep ;
- ‘ Sooner than lose my Wife, my Boy,  
‘ Oh ! let me ever weep !

‘ Nor Joy, nor Mirth, my Heart shall know,  
‘ But when they happy are ;  
‘ To them, by Heav’n ordain’d, I owe,  
‘ A Husband’s, Father’s Care.’

When thus *Amanda* had perceiv’d  
Her richest Proffers spurn’d,  
Her Heart (by Envy still deceiv’d)  
With Indignation burn’d.

As thro’ the Heaven’s aerial Path,  
Fantastic Lightning flies ;  
So swift her new rous’d vengeful Wrath,  
Darts dreadful from her Eyes.

‘ Can he, thus plung’d in deep Distress,  
‘ Disdain all powerful Gold ?  
‘ And will his Heart ne’er Pride possess,  
‘ But still to Virtue hold ?

‘ Then



## A LEGENDARY TALE. 17

- ‘ Then rouse, my Soul, this Love disclaim,
- ‘ To give just Vengeance Room ;
- ‘ And lead, since he rejects thy Flame,
- ‘ The Scorn to his Doom.
- ‘ Yet Mercy calls, O! hear her not !
- ‘ Saith Pride, with shriller Sound,
- ‘ Let the fond Pair in Prison rot,
- ‘ And you Revenge have found.
- ‘ It shall be so ; and now my Mind
- ‘ Will ever be at Peace ;
- ‘ Within the Prison’s Cell confin’d,
- ‘ I think their Joy must cease.

Her Heart exults, as but in thought,

The dreadful Scheme she plann’d ;

Whilst *Corin* his *Olinda* fought,

She gave the dire Command.

END OF PART II.

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# CORIN AND OLINDA:

A

## LEGENDARY TALE.

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### PART III.

‘ **O** H! *Corin*, leave me to my Care,

‘ Thy true *Olinda* leave ;

‘ I will not ask thy Joy to share,

‘ Indeed I will not grieve.

‘ For here within this awful Cell,

‘ In *Famine*’s reach you stay,

‘ When thou might’st now in *Plenty* dwell,

‘ By putting me away’.

Thus



## A LEGENDARY TALE. 19

Thus she propos'd, when rising Fear,  
Forbad her more to speak,  
Ere he return'd, the starting Tear  
Bedew'd her lovely Cheek.

- ' Think not thy *Corin* ever means,
  - ' Alone those Joys to prove ;
  - ' Or Poverty's most scanty Scenes,
  - ' Will enervate his Love.
- ' Weep not, for know, thy Husband here,
  - ' Within this Prison pent,
- ' Doth still enjoy, whilst thou art near,
  - ' A happy calm Content.
- ' Unknown in Heaven's wildy Maze,
  - ' In vain we Care condole ;
- ' The Tear of Grief, or Fortune's Blaze,
  - ' Alike may reach the Goal.

‘ True Happiness is not confin’d

‘ To temporal Pursuits ;

‘ It is Content, Content of Mind,

‘ And in the Heart it roots.

‘ Content, and Resignation pure,

‘ To Heav’n’s almighty Will ;

‘ The Ills of Fortune can endure,

‘ And make us happy still.

By Truth’s exhilarating Ray,

Thus *Corin* cheers his Wife,

‘ And what avails,’ he oft would say,

‘ The Luxuries of Life.

‘ When greatest Plenty crowns his Board

‘ What is the Glutton’s Bliss ?

‘ Or when the Miser views his Hoard,

‘ What is his Joy, to this ?

‘ How



- ‘ How vain the Bacchanalian Song,
- ‘ Roar’d o’er a flowing Bowl ;
- ‘ Will such Excess our Joys prolong ?
- ‘ Or ease a troubled Soul ?’

Whene’er *Olinda* seem’d deprest,  
Consoling, thus he strove,  
Whilst each alike their Child carest,  
Sweet Pledge of wedded Love.

A Youth unknown, one Summer’s Morn,  
At *Corin*’s Cell attends,  
A lovely Smile his Cheeks adorn,  
A Smile that Joy portends.

- ‘ No more,’ he said, ‘ the Tear shall flow,
- ‘ You now have nought to dread ;
- ‘ *Amanda*, once your direst Foe,
- ‘ Lies number’d with the Dead.

- ‘ A Will, sometime ago she wrote,  
‘ Th’ Estate to *Damon* leaves,  
‘ (Who now resides in Climes remote)  
‘ And thus your Hope deceives.  
  
‘ This Will, I have to *Corin* brought,  
‘ I bring it as a Friend,  
‘ Destroy’d, her Malice turns to nought,  
‘ And all your Troubles end.’  
  
‘ And dost thou think, unmanner’d Boy,  
‘ That I this Act applaud?  
‘ Know, *Corin* scorns the guilty Joy  
‘ Of Villany and Fraud.  
  
‘ Tho’ by a long Continuance here,  
‘ Our little Store is spent,  
‘ Tho’ Hunger, Thirst, and Death, appear,  
‘ Yet Virtue gives Content.

‘ In



‘ In Virtue’s purest Paths I’ve trod,  
‘ As well as Mortals may ;  
‘ Nor spurn’d Affliction’s bitter Rod,  
‘ Nor scann’d almighty Sway.

‘ Stay, wand’ring Tongue, for Death is near,  
‘ Self-praise becomes thee not ;  
‘ Yet will I ever Truth revere,  
‘ It must not be forgot.

‘ And thou, misguided, friendly Youth,  
‘ Whose Pity wildly rose,  
‘ Beyond the pious Bounds of Truth,  
‘ To save me from my Woes ;

‘ If dying *Corin*, dar’d presume,  
‘ One Favour, he would crave,  
‘ With Virtue, Pity reassume,  
‘ And these from Ruin save.

‘ Oh !

- ‘ Oh ! Heav’n, my Supplication hear,  
 The weeping Stranger cries ;  
 ‘ Grant, I may ever hold them dear,  
 ‘ Their Virtue ever prize.  
 ‘ That Mercy, which I once possess,  
 ‘ Reneweth in my Heart ;  
 ‘ That Friendship, which I once profess,  
 ‘ Shall Joy to all impart.’

As thus he spoke, excess of Woe,

His borrow’d Form betray’d ;

’Twas Heav’n that did ordain it so,

*Amanda’s* self, that pray’d.

‘ Oh *Corin* ! raise thy languid Head,

‘ And pardon wretched me,

‘ Whose Heart has been by Pride misled,

‘ Whose Pride has ruin’d thee.

‘ But



# A LEGENDARY TALE. 25

‘ But now no more my Envy lives,

‘ I come to make thee blest :’

*Olinda*’s tender Heart misgives,

She faints on *Corin*’s Breast.

‘ Oh bring me Aid,’ *Amanda* cry’d,

And quickly it arrives ;

The Pow’r of Med’cine soon was try’d,

The fainting Pair revives.

In Tears, she now again entreats,

That Mercy, undeserv’d,

From one, who strait her Goodness greets,

As though it ne’er had serv’d.

Thus Happiness at length they gain,

Tho’ long in Woe they dwelt ;

In perfect Pleasure, after Pain,

What Extasies are felt !

26 CORIN and OLINDA, &c.

By this we learn, tho' Virtue may  
Awhile be overthrown,  
To Glory fure, it leads the Way,  
To Glory and Renown.

And tho', by Fraud, sweet Innocence  
Be for a Time suppress'd,  
Yet keeping truth for it's Defence,  
At last by Heav'n 'tis blest.

  
F I N I S.



